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Micro Fiction (152 Words)

Pulsar Beverages

The rocket ship waited, and calling it a primitive model name reference was sorta like saying a time machine was a toaster. We finally came from the weird hole below a mountain, a creaky crevasse that we found hiding under yellow-green planetary rings and locked into a nighttime sky so frosty shimmering with lovely stars like brilliant vanilla candy on ice, the small gossamer bloom of a pulsar in the eastern latitude that emotionally hypnotized each of us with its spinning luminous flash every 2.784 seconds creating bliss and wonder, for sure. In the crevasse we later found an old book, paper in fact, one of those “coffee table” things with a gold-leaf cover (one supposes) and recipes for strange drinks made from vented anti-matter and crisp roses, just for starters. How the book wound up here remains a mystery but the beverages were excellent, like a night in San Francisco. Cheers.

End.